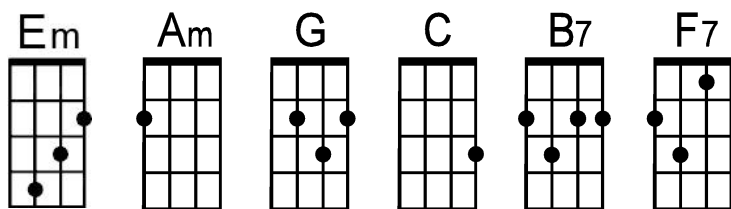


Love Potion Number Nine

by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller (1959)



Am\ | Em\ (----- ---*tacit*--- -----) Em\ | Am
 I took my troubles down to Ma—a—dame Rue
 Am\ | Em\ (----- ---*tacit*--- -----) Em\ | Am |
 You know that gypsy with the go—old-capped tooth
 G | Em |
 She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
 C | B7\ (---- --*tacit*-- ----) | Em | |
 Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion Number Nine—————

Em | Am |
 I told her that I was a flop with chicks
 Em | Am |
 I've been this way since Nineteen—Fifty—Six
 G | Em |
 She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
 C | B7\ (---- --*tacit*-- ----) | Em | |
 She said "What you need is Love Potion Number Nine—————"

Bridge: Am | |
 She bent down and turned a-round and gave me a wink
 F7 | |
 She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"
 Am | |
 It smelled like turpen-tine, and looked like Indi—an ink
 B7\ (----- ---*tacit*--- -----) | B7\ (---- ----) B7\ |
 I held my nose, I closed my - eyes, I took a drink

Em | Am |
 I didn't know if it was day or night
 Em | Am |
 I started kissin' every—thing in sight
 G | Em |
 But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
 C | B7\ (---- --*tacit*-- ----) | Em | |
 He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine

Bridge: |Am |
 She bent down and turned a-round and gave me a wink
 |F7 |
 She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"
 |Am |
 It smelled like turpen-tine, and looked like Indi—an ink
 |B7\ (----- ---*tacit*--- -----) |B7\ (---- ----) B7\
 I held my nose, I closed my - eyes, I took a drink

Em |Am |
 I didn't know if it was day or night
 Em |Am
 I started kissin' every—thing in sight
 |G |Em
 But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
 |C |B7\ (---- ---*tacit*--- ----) |Em |
 He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine—
 B7 |Em |B7 |Em |
 Love Potion Number Ni—i—i—i—ine— Love Potion Number Ni—i—i—i—ine—

Slow:
 B7\ (----- ---*tacit*--- -----) |Em\ (---- ---- ----) Em\
 Love Potion Number Ni—i—i—i—ine